

Daily Democrat.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.
OFFICE—
South Side Green Street, two doors be-
low the Customhouse.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9, 1864.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

The Daily Democrat, delivered by carrier throughout the city, is at the rate of twenty-five cents per week, including the Sunday paper.

Important Notice.

Owing to the increased expense of every article used in the printing business, and an advance price of twenty-five per cent. on the expense of composition, we are compelled to increase the cost of the Daily Democrat. Hereafter the Daily, by mail, will be one dollar per month, or six dollars for six months, or ten dollars per year, always in advance.

CITY NEWS.

JOHN PRINTING.

The Job Department in the Democrat Office is ready for all kinds of printing. Bills, Circulars, Cards, Posters, &c., printed at the shortest possible notice, and at prices to suit the times.

Job Printing of all Descriptions, in Plate and Fancy Colors, Neatly Executed, at the Shortest Possible Notice. Call and Examine Specimens and Learn Prices.

The Election in the City—The Official Result.

The election passed off quietly yesterday. Indeed the day was so quiet that there was no crowd about the polls in many portions of the city, to even indicate the places where the polls were held. The vote cast was for a city of one hundred thousand population, very small indeed—the whole vote being only 6,720. Of this vote, McClellan got 4,373 and Lincoln 1,849—a majority for McClellan of 3,024.

There were very many who would not vote, believing that the result in Kentucky was beyond doubt—that McClellan was certain to carry the State, and that therefore their votes were not needed. Others, again, were deterred from the polls by the threats in various ways applied by the minions of the Administration here and elsewhere. By this species of intimidation, many remained at home who should have placed their votes for McClellan—their acknowledged choice.

This will account for the meagre vote of the city. Indeed, feeling that there was no need of organization to carry the city or the State, none was made by the Democratic party. On the other hand, the supporters of Mr. Lincoln here, organized, drummed, worked, burnt powder, skyrocketed, shooting-crackers, and wasted an interminable amount of gun in the shape of "elegant speaking" in behalf of their cause and their candidate.

The Republicans, by all the appliances of men and money, and the vigilance of various committees, got 1,849 votes for Mr. Lincoln.

The same amount of effort on the part of the Democracy, and getting out the vote of the party in some proportion, would have given McClellan a majority of at least 7,500 in the city.

City.—Yesterday was election day, and a wet one it was to some, while the closing of the bar-rooms made it exceedingly dry to others. Bryant must have experienced such a day when he wrote:

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and bare."

For an election day it was the most quiet we have experienced in the city for many years. Business seemed almost entirely suspended, and the police looked disinterested in not having more to do. We noticed very few persons who were anything noisy, save a few who regretted that they had voted for Lincoln. We heard numerous shouts for Little Mac, and heard only one copper-colored individual shout for "Lincoln," and he fell lengthwise in the gutter, having put his foot in a newboy's way. The election passed off very quietly, so far as we could learn. We heard of no fights or foot-races, and at night the city was unusually quiet and awfully dark.

Southwest corner of Madison and Shelby streets is in rather bad condition, and has been so for the last three months or more. It has been repaired several times, but to no good. The top of it has to be kept loose for purposes of pouring water into it before any one can be supplied with fresh water. The proper authorities will do the residents of that locality a favor by attending to it immediately.

We were shown yesterday the only surviving one of five prisoners, captured by Capt. A. J. Jones, at Atlanta, and forwarded in a cage to our young friend Bard, in this city. Two of them got hungry on the road and ate two of their companions—hide, hair and all. The only one left was released yesterday, unconditionally, by Mr. Bard, who took the bottom off lamp and let the Atkins mouse out.

Prattie—Our clever friends, Phil. Judge and Mr. Robinson, made a successful raid on the Grand Prairie, a few days since, and returned to this city with their prisoners. They surprised lots of picket chickens and other game, which they bagged, during their successful tour. We would judge that Mr. Robinson got his "phil" of the chickens.

On Sunday two rebels, named Cheaney and Jones, were taken out of the military prison in this city and sent to Mansfield, Kentucky, to be shot to death in retaliation for the murder of a Mat. Murray, of the Thirteenth Kentucky Infantry, which occurred on the 18th of October.

The return— such as we could procure **...aph or otherwise, we present our readers this morning. They must read them and draw their own conclusions as to results. We have no time to compare returns or explain them. Kentucky gives her vote to McClellan.**

We noticed a lot of new, unfinished wagons, for Government use, lying on the levee yesterday. They were made in Cincinnati, and are to be loaded in the Government shop in this city and Nashville.

A jolly tar, belonging to one of the gunboats, came ashore yesterday and "crashed" about until he picked up a full cargo of whisky. He made safe port at Castle Thomas.

Persons suffering from diseases of the Eye and Ear should go and consult Dr. Gardner, Oculist and Auriologist, who can be consulted at the Louisville Hotel.

One of the "Wingless Komites" ran against a gentleman's fist up town yesterday, and then ran home. He had challenged a gentleman's vote at the polls.

Improving—Little Melwether, who was shot in the head on Sunday afternoon by a boy named Pfleifer, is recovering.

Hooray!—The Eastern mail arrived on time yesterday. Hooray! Hooray!

Election Returns.

VOTE OF THE CITY.

WARD.

	W.	C.
First Ward—First Precinct.....	165	25
Second Ward—First Precinct.....	155	64
Third Ward—Second Precinct.....	154	56
Fourth Ward—First Precinct.....	171	128
" " " " ".....	173	72
" " " " ".....	159	41
Fifth Ward—First Precinct.....	146	71
" " " " ".....	148	66
Sixth Ward—Second Precinct.....	139	133
Seventh Ward—First Precinct.....	279	164
Eighth Ward—First Precinct.....	169	45
Ninth Ward—First Precinct.....	260	125
Tenth Ward—First Precinct.....	280	91
" " " " ".....	287	24
Eleventh Ward—First Precinct.....	157	91
" " " " ".....	162	62
Total.....	1873	150
Majority for McClellan.....	984	

Majority for McClellan.....

NOTE ON THE COUNTRY.

Lobion, at 12 o'clock—McClellan, 240;

Lincoln, 22.

Loretta, Marion county, Kentucky, at 2 o'clock, R. M.—McClellan, 100; Lincoln, nothing.

New Haven, Nelson county, at 12 o'clock—McClellan, 107; Lincoln, nothing.

Boston, Nelson county, at 2 o'clock—McClellan, 51; Lincoln, 2.

Two-Mile House—McClellan, 204; Lincoln, 1.

Shelbyville, Kentucky, at 12 o'clock—McClellan, 143; Lincoln, 11.

Simpsonville, at 2 o'clock—McClellan, 111; Lincoln, nothing.

Middletown, at 4 o'clock—McClellan, 25; Lincoln, 1.

Lower Pond, at close of polls—McClellan, 77; Lincoln, 11.

Shepherdsville, at close of polls—McClellan, 200; Lincoln, 5.

Elizabethport, Kentucky, at 12 o'clock—McClellan, 85; Lincoln, 15.

Brownsville, Oldham county, at close of polls—McClellan, 62; Lincoln, nothing.

The Situation.

In our account yesterday of the disaster at Johnsonville, we stated that the steamer Highlander had been destroyed. This is not so. She is at Cincinnati undergoing repair. Neither was the Government ship destroyed, and but one warehouse was consumed. There is no doubt but that a large amount of Government property was destroyed, and a number of gunboats, transports, and barges have been destroyed, besides a number of lives lost during the engagement. The following is a correct list of the steamboats and gunboats destroyed: The steamboats were the Donee No. 2, Aurora, Goody Friends, Duke, Alice, Arcola, Mountaineer, J. B. Ford, Venus, Mezzetta, Cheeseman, Gangnack and Bon Accord. The gunboats were the Lawava, W. Manu, Key West and Ben Galey, besides a number of barges, which were scattered about in different places.

We have heard nothing additional from those since our last report, more than it is supposed that Hood's movement is merely a feint, and that he contemplates making a move in some other direction, than making an attempt to capture Johnsonville, Tennessee river, with the exception of that one point, may be said to be in the hands of the rebels. Navigation is entirely suspended.

Gen. Sherman's movements we can say little; but it is supposed that he will make a move in a direction unlooked for by ourselves, and unexpected by the Confederates.

In this State, the rebels and guerrillas at present seem very quiet. There were a few in Green river a few days since, but they have fled for parts unknown. There are very few roving bands in the State now, with the exception of the small towns along the Ohio river, and in some of the upper counties. Pike Evertt was at Flemingsburg on Saturday night.

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Some three or four weeks ago a lot of guerrillas made a raid upon the Northwestern railroad, a short distance south of Nashville. At a little station (no name) a squad of six or seven negro soldiers were caught and every one of their heads severed from their bodies and left lying on the platform of the depot.

Sad.—On Thursday night a little child was christened in church, and was found smothered to death in the bed next morning.

A man named Morton was stabbed and killed in a political quarrel in Cincinnati Tuesday night.

We have several hundred old papers for sale—good as new for wrapping paper.

Hospital Directory.

Local, Col. Louis Humphreys, Medical Inspector U. S. A. office on Walnut street, between Fourth and Fifth.

R. H. Gilbert, Surgeon U. S. Volunteers, Superintendent and Medical Director General Hospital, Louisville.

Dr. John Chapman, Surgeon U. S. Army, on Walnut street, between Fourth and Fifth.

Dr. George W. Adams, Surgeon U. S. Army, on Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.

Dr. W. F. Thompson, Surgeon U. S. Army, on Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.

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Dr. W. F. Thompson, Surgeon U. S

S. BARKER & CO.
THE
NEW YORK
STORE.

SECOND WEEK

OF—
OUR ENGAGEMENT TO SELL

FANCY AND STAPLE

DRY GOODS

Cheaper than Anybody.

Notwithstanding the continued advance in gold and consequent advance in Dry Goods, we shall continue on

Monday, November 7,

The sale of our

Immense Stock

Embracing every article.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

CLOAKS, SHAWLS, &c.

At last week's price.

S. BARKER & CO.,
New York.

No. 87 Fourth Street.

NEW HOTEL,
On the European Style.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

OYSTERS, FISH & GAME

Of the season on hand.

Meals Furnished at Private Residences,

On short notice, and all necessary waiters furnished.

OLD ORMSBY HOUSE,
Main St., bet. Fourth and Fifth.

W. A. CLARK & CO., Proprietors.

DENTAL CARD

W. H. GATES, D. D. S.,
LATE OF ATLANTA, GA.,

HAVING PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN THIS

City, and having been appointed by Dr.

J. A. HARRIS, D. D. S.—Second street, between Green

and Walnut.

His SPECIALTY—THE NATURAL TEETH.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY CAUTIONED

against purchasing

"Steam Syphon Pumps"

From any party in the city of Louisville other than E. B. RUMFORD, who is the only authorized agent. All such pumps are sold by us, and parties dealing in direct infringements of patents granted by the United States, will be prosecuted by us, and parties selling the same will be prosecuted by us.

LANSDELL & ALTER,
St. Louis, Mo.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

NEW COAL FIRM.

CROMIE, OGDEN & CO.,
Wholesale and retail dealers in

Pittsburg and Youghiogheny

COAL,

AND ARE NOW PREPARED TO DELIVER IN

quantities to suit purchasers at the lowest market

price.

Office on the north side of Market street, near Third, and between Main and Fourth Streets, corner Fifth and Jefferson, opposite the Courthouse.

Manufacturers will find it to their advantage to see

us before contracting.

JOHN CRISTY & CO.,
Hay, Grain, General Produce

DEALERS,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 100 Fourth st., bet. Main and the River,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

to P. C. CO., Ass't.

not dim

Beargrass Land for Sale.

I will sell, at a loss, of the best Bear-

grass land I can offer, situated on Frank-

fort and Shively road, about 3 miles from the city

of Louisville, and about 10 miles from the Ohio river.

I will sell with a fine Blue-grass pasture; the balance of the

tract (new ground) in regular cultivation. There is not

any timber on the land, and the soil is in a

high level and well shaped. To gardeners or a person

desiring to cultivate the land, country home, this

place is almost unequalled. For particular information apply to me, at my residence, near the Fair Grounds.

Or 1000 feet above the Ohio river.

J. THATCHER.

COOK & GOODMAN,

No. 102 Third st., bet. Jefferson and Green,

and 104 Main st., bet. Main and the River.

K. C. CO., Ass't.

not dim

1864. NEW 1864.

FALL AND WINTER

DRY GOODS.

D. C. TABB

Market and Fourth Streets,

Is now opening his stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

COMPRISE

Rich Plaid Pelmets;

Rich Plaid Bedspreads;

Rich Plaid Checkings;

Plain Pelmets and Velours;

Plain Delaines and Merinos;

French Chintzes;

Real Manchester Ginghams;

Ballardvale Flannels;

4-4 and 10-4 Shaker Flannels;

French Shirting Gingham;

Irish Linens and Bird Eye;

Table Linens and Toweling;

4-4 and 10-4 Heavy Shawls;

Ladies' and Misses' Balmorals;

Ladies' and Misses' Hostories;

Plaid Linsey and Jeans;

Merino Underwear, all sizes.

W. TURNER, Agent.

not dim

SCOTT, KEEN & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
MEN'S, YOUTHS' & BOYS'
FINE CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS.
Corner Sixth and Main Streets, Louisville, Ky.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

FOR THE INFORMATION AND BENEFIT OF THE TRADE GENERALLY, THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD

ESPECIALLY CALL ATTENTION TO HIS RECENT

GROUND SPICES.

Being packed in the best style, of the best quality to be had, and in size to retail at 10 cents per package.

As the expense of manufacturing is no greater than the small size, we manage to offer these indomitable products also hand.

White and Ground Spices, of all kinds, in bulk; Roasted Coffee and

Rye; Chiodo Mustard; the well-known Siberian Breakfast Coffee; Electro Yeast Powder; Mason's Challenge Blacking; Best Stove Polish; &c. &c.

CHAS. J. BOUCHE,

Corner Sixth and Grayson Streets, Louisville, Ky.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Presidential Election Returns.

New York City gives McClellan 37,500 Majority.

Late News from Toronto, Canada.

Startling Treason Developments.

Arms found in Possession of the Fenian Brotherhood.

The Leaders of the Conspiracy are

being Arrested.

A Painful Feeling of Insecurity Exist there.

The following are the election returns as far as have been received.

Franklin—McClellan, 140; Lincoln, 55.

Stormont—McClellan, 50; majority as reported.

Montgomery—McClellan, 104; Lincoln, 2.

Pennsylvania soldiers vote—Lincoln, 55; McClellan, 2.

We have no reports from camps in the vicinity. The election is unanimous in the Republican ticket.

The day passed off quietly. All the saloons were closed. No disturbances occurred.

There was a heavy rain, which continued and lightning all day. The river has risen seven feet six inches on shoals. The river is rising rapidly.

ALBANY, Nov. 8.

The vote of Nashville stands, Lincoln and Johnson 1,317; McClellan, 35.

The vote of the soldiers as far as reported.

Troy, New York—Democrat majority 700; Philadelphia—All but two wards give 10,300 Republican majority. Partial returns from fifteen counties show a Republican gain of 1,207. Full vote not given.

New York—A private dispatch from Philadelphia says that Delaware gives Lincoln her electoral vote.

Pennsylvania is considered gone for Lincoln.

Yonkers—Returns from thirty-four towns show an increase of 2,000 over the September vote. It stands to-day 10,963 Republican, 8,240 Democratic.

Cambridgeport—McClellan, 48; Lincoln, 30.

Somerset, official—McClellan, 101; Lincoln, 20.

Mount Gillett, Noon—McClellan's majority 127.

Point Isabel (West Camp Bayside)—McClellan, 45; Lincoln, 24. Nine more districts give Lincoln.

Cumberland Gap—McClellan, 48; Lincoln, 20.

New Hampshire—One hundred and ten towns and cities give Lincoln 20,000, McClellan 10,000. Democratic majority 2,000, close.

Portland, Me.—McClellan, 5047.

W. H. COUCH & CO., Auctioneers.

HINZEN & ROSEN,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,

Also, Agents for Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, the best in market.

NORTH SIDE MARKET STREET, BETWEEN SIXTH AND SEVENTH,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

LOWE'S ON HARD A COMPLETE ABORTMENT OF PIANOS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

CHAS. J. BOUCHE,

Corner Sixth and Grayson Streets, Louisville, Ky.

AMUSEMENTS.

Wood's Theater,

Corner Fourth and Jefferson Streets.

GORDON & FIFES,

Manager—Acting Manager

W. A. ALLEN,

Stage Manager

J. H. BROWN,

Box Office Manager

Second week of the engagement of the accomplished actress, Mrs. McLean's ZOE.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 9, WILL BE

performed the comedy of the FRENCH SPY.

ST. ALBANS,

Box Office Manager

TO CONCLUDE WITH THE COMEDY OF SKETCHES IN INDIA.

GRAND MATINEE SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT 3 O'CLOCK.

BY T. ANDERSON & CO.

ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9TH, AT 10 A.M. WITH

OUR RESERVE—

600 LOTS ASSORTED DRY GOODS,

STOCK GOODS, WOOLSTOCK KNIT GOODS, &c.

ON THURSDAY, NOV. 10TH, AT 10 A.M. A LARGE

Daily Democrat.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Earth, of man the wretched mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid his brother,
Shame to him is to be divine.
Many a power within her bosom,
Notes, bidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the birth of man;

Man is a King, his throne to day,
Since on earth his work began.

Bud and bough, are fruit of age,

The fruit, men, are fruits of earth;

Stamp'd in clay, a heavenly stampage,

From dust receive their birth.

Bar and mill and wine-y's treasures,

Earth and water, sun and shade,

Work with these as bide the reason,

For they work thy will to do;

So we live, so we die, so we go;

Man himself is all a seed;

Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,

Show the plant to ripeness lead.

(From the Sixpenny Magazine.)

Scallop-Fish.

Some years ago I took the whim to sail from Boston, Massachusetts, to St. John's, Newfoundland, for wintering there, to try my hand at seal-fishing.

You see it was sheer madness, my going to St. John's in the first place, and that I suppose was the reason I did it—for when I ever known to do anything sensible? but that affair was mighty wisdom compared with the one that followed it. You must know that in my multiplied perambulations about that interesting town, I once upon a time fell in with the captain of a seal-fishing vessel of some hundred and fifty tons burthen (the vessel I mean, not the captain), and he, the captain, being a good fellow, and myself another, we exchanged some clever compliments over a bottle of brandy, and soon got as intimate as two chums.

Well, the result of that night's operations, directly and indirectly, was that I went a seal-fishing. The captain said I had better go—the captain said it would be a good thing for me to go—I knew the captain was a good judge of liquor—had good liquor—carried good liquor with him—and I went. Now I am going to tell you something of what happened.

We sailed from St. John's about the first of March, on a cold, raw, disagreeable day, having no power for our souls, including me, who supposed we were to be more soul than brains. Our object was, and this is the peculiarity of the Newfoundland seal-fishing—to run out seaward till we should come to a field of ice floating down from the colder regions of the North, and then run into it, work our way by various clever contrivances into the very center of it, and there get frozen up, to be thawed out again when and wherever it shall be the Lord's will.

"Well, this we did in a reasonable time after leaving St. John's—got frozen up in the very center of a tremendous field of floating ice—and then came the sport, a sombre kind of killing seals. See, you must know how terrible it is to hang upon the ice-blocks of the Polar sea, which is a desolate joy—The greater the indescribable joy—we did hold the human dwelling of a fisherman, not far off, and we managed to reach it, but in such an exhausted state, that we at once sank down before the fire, unable to stand.

In this humble abode we remained three weeks, being kindly cared for by the fisherman and his family; and then, having pretty well recovered, we managed to half a passing vessel, and got passage to St. John's, where we duly arrived, the only living men, as we believed, of the forty-seven who had sailed the month before full of lusty life and ardent hopes.

It was an exciting sport; but it is necessary for me of any kind to get pretty well used to it before he can enjoy it, and to say, he must get used to shooting, stabbing, and beating out the brains of a poor dumb mother, who, with moans and groans that seem to unconsciously earn the last pleadings of human despair, is trying to save her young by coming between you and them and offering her life as a sacrifice.

Well do I remember the first one of these poor creatures that I saw murdered—for murder is the only word that will express what I felt at the time. We had worked our way into the ice and got a good position, and nearly all had started off in small parties, in different directions, in search of game, I accompanying the captain, who deftly initiated me into the mysteries of seal-killing, for which he has all the thankfulness and admiration of cold-blooded butchers; and this exploit consisted in finding a cow with two calves, spearing the little ones first, and then, while the others fled, saving my heartache, as well as their poor mother's, with the most pitiful moans I ever heard, stabbing, spearing and shooting her, as she struggled like a human mother in their defense.

"And have I come all the way into this shivering region to see human cruelty displayed on a dumb beast?" said I.

"How! how! a pretty good specimen of greenhorn!" laughed the captain.

"Yes," said I, "I think myself that liquor is needed to make a man oblivious of such infernal work as this! Now, captain, I dare say you expect to see land again?"

"Of course I do—why shouldn't I?" he replied.

"Because Heaven's justice never sleeps, only slumbers," said I.

He said he didn't understand me, and wanted to know what I meant.

"Well, then, how can you expect to have fair weather after such foul work? It wouldn't surprise me if the pitiless moans of these poor beasts should arouse the wrath of the storm-god, and your vessel and crew be hurried down into the fathomless deep."

"Pretty good for you, considering the subject," thought the captain. "Take another drink, Mr. Smith."

"Yes," said I, "I think myself that liquor is needed to make a man oblivious of such infernal work as this! Now, captain, I dare say you expect to see land again?"

"Of course I do—why shouldn't I?" he replied.

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"Well, then, how can you expect to have fair weather after such foul work? It wouldn't surprise me if the pitiless moans of these poor beasts should arouse the wrath of the storm-god, and your vessel and crew be hurried down into the fathomless deep."

"Ahh! God help the poor fellows who will never get to us again," said the captain, as our vessel began to groan, of thumping and bumping among the dangerous fragments of the broken ice-field.

"And God help us!" said I, as the moment our vessel seemed to be seized and squeezed even to cracking, like nut in the jaws of a vice. I thought it was all over with us, and so did every one who heard and felt that awful pressure; but after holding and grinding us for a few moments—pressing out the life of the ship, and were—making it quiver to the heart, and moan and groan like the poor creatures it had come to destroy—the long, silent, sudden let go of grasp, and it seemed as if I could hear and feel the poor vessel crashing, crumbling mass, and were rocked and tossed about like a feather in the air!

"Ahh! God help the poor fellows who will never get to us again," said the captain, as our vessel began to groan, of thumping and bumping among the dangerous fragments of the broken ice-field.

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"Mr. Smith," said he to me, with a polite bow, "you will find some very excellent brandy down in my cabin. Pray go down and drink my health!"

I was rather frightened, but had been a couple of hours after this, and I am sorry to say, for the vessel pitched about a good deal, I felt rather obviously sick, and didn't take much note of time—that the captain soon followed.

"Mr. Smith, how do you like the brandy?"

"'Dear!' said I; "and I hope it may never be watered."

"Can you pray?" asked the captain, without seeming to see my miserable joke. I told him I thought I could at a pinch, though I had never done much in that way.

"Well," he replied, "I suppose it won't run away with you."

"I suppose it will be at the bottom of the sea."

Now, as I professed to be an honest man, with perhaps a slight leaning toward good brandy as one of my weaknesses, it bothered me to say that I am not positively certain that at that particular juncture I was perfectly sober. On the contrary I am inclined to think I was not—for I have an indistinct recollection of regarding what a pity it would be to waste good brandy, and to have to go to the expense of getting something about somebody he knew being drunk. At all events, it is sufficient for me to say, that, whether drunk or sober, I have no remembrance of anything after that, till I found myself in an open boat, out on a black sea, exposed to the fury of a freezing storm, and chilled to the very bone. That I was not frozen to death I have always attributed to the fact of my having previously laid in a good supply of my favorite beverage.

"What does this mean?" was my first sensible inquiry.

"That ten of us are still living," said the voice of Captain Wright, in a sad, mournful tone.

I afterwards learned that, before the vessel went down, two boats had been lowered, the first of which had swamped, and carried off twelve of the crew to a watery grave.

One was kept afloat; and into this, by the great personal exertion and positive command of the captain, I had been conveyed, in an unconscious state, to the imminent peril of all who had saved me. Six hours had passed since then, and we had been fortunate enough to get clear of the ice, and were supposed to be making some headway towards land, though with little prospect, in our benumbed state, of ever reaching it alive.

It was a terrible night—black as ink—with the wind howling and shrieking like a thousand devils, and the water, when it dashed over us, freezing to our clothes, so that we could hardly move our limbs.

When daylight came, four out of the ten who had escaped from their earthly trouble—one washed overboard, and three frozen, whose bodies we committed to the deep, with sad hearts and little ceremony. Six of us remained, but in a condition to afford us little hope. Captain Wright, a robust, strong, and active physician, had produced a few remedies to produce a cure. He attempted to give each of us a draught of the cure of all pectoral, excepting the taste of salt water.

Diseases of a peculiar character he guaranteed to remove, and to give us a draught of the cure of all pectoral, excepting the taste of salt water.

He was a good judge of liquor—he had good liquor—carried good liquor with him—and I went. Now I am going to tell you something of what happened.

We sailed from St. John's about the first of March, on a cold, raw, disagreeable day, having no power for our souls, including me, who supposed we were to be more soul than brains. Our object was,

and this is the peculiarity of the Newfoundland seal-fishing—to run out seaward till we should come to a field of ice floating down from the colder regions of the North, and then run into it, work our way by various clever contrivances into the very center of it, and there get frozen up, to be thawed out again when and wherever it shall be the Lord's will.

"Well, this we did in a reasonable time after leaving St. John's—got frozen up in the very center of a tremendous field of floating ice—and then came the sport, a sombre kind of killing seals. See, you must know how terrible it is to hang upon the ice-blocks of the Polar sea, which is a desolate joy—The greater the indescribable joy—we did hold the human dwelling of a fisherman, not far off, and we managed to reach it, but in such an exhausted state, that we at once sank down before the fire, unable to stand.

In this humble abode we remained three weeks, being kindly cared for by the fisherman and his family; and then, having pretty well recovered, we managed to half a passing vessel, and got passage to St. John's, where we duly arrived, the only living men, as we believed, of the forty-seven who had sailed the month before full of lusty life and ardent hopes.

It was an exciting sport; but it is necessary for me of any kind to get pretty well used to it before he can enjoy it, and to say, he must get used to shooting, stabbing, and beating out the brains of a poor dumb mother, who, with moans and groans that seem to unconsciously earn the last pleadings of human despair, is trying to save her young by coming between you and them and offering her life as a sacrifice.

Well do I remember the first one of these poor creatures that I saw murdered—for murder is the only word that will express what I felt at the time. We had worked our way into the ice and got a good position, and nearly all had started off in small parties, in different directions, in search of game, I accompanying the captain, who deftly initiated me into the mysteries of seal-killing, for which he has all the thankfulness and admiration of cold-blooded butchers; and this exploit consisted in finding a cow with two calves, spearing the little ones first, and then, while the others fled, saving my heartache, as well as their poor mother's, with the most pitiful moans I ever heard, stabbing, spearing and shooting her, as she struggled like a human mother in their defense.

"And have I come all the way into this shivering region to see human cruelty displayed on a dumb beast?" said I.

"How! how! a pretty good specimen of greenhorn!" laughed the captain.

"Yes," said I, "I think myself that liquor is needed to make a man oblivious of such infernal work as this! Now, captain, I dare say you expect to see land again?"

"Of course I do—why shouldn't I?" he replied.

"Because Heaven's justice never sleeps, only slumbers," said I.

He said he didn't understand me, and wanted to know what I meant.

"Well, then, how can you expect to have fair weather after such foul work? It wouldn't surprise me if the pitiless moans of these poor beasts should arouse the wrath of the storm-god, and your vessel and crew be hurried down into the fathomless deep."

"Ahh! God help the poor fellows who will never get to us again," said the captain.

"Take another drink, Mr. Smith."

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